can't fight this feeling by beepbeeprichie (eds_spagheds)

Series: ch. 2 but richie & eddie are married [2]
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Summary:

a twist on that headcanon that richie & eddie would slow dance in a hallway at prom;)

(this is set in the same universe as the main fic in this series that y'all should definitely!!! read!!! but it can be read as a standalone fic as well)

can't fight this feeling

Author's Note:

> here's some info just to set some things up for anyone who didn't read the other fic in this series:
> -this is an au that follows ch1, but richie and eddie start dating after they go to neibolt for the first time and basically are together until they graduate and go off to college
> -bill and beverly are not present as they both canonically move out of derry right after the events of ch1
> -they are in their junior year of high school here and are all around 16-17
> -no one knows richie & eddie have been dating for like 3+ years sdffghh

Richie and Eddie always liked the idea of sending a big “fuck you “ to all the homophobes in Derry. It wouldn’t be hard, especially considering the other Losers were probably the only people in the whole town that wouldn’t bash their brains in for being gay. Technically, they weren’t even completely sure about that, but if the Losers paid any mind to the things people said about them, true or not, they always defended them no matter what. Still, it was nice to know what they were getting away with in their silent rebellion.

By the time Richie had snuck out of his house and into his car with Eddie’s matching boutonniere in his blazer pocket, the rest of the Losers had already made it to Mike’s barn; the new designated slumber party spot after Bill and Beverly had moved away in the past few years.

It hadn’t been the same without their leader or the girl that brought them all together, especially when Bill was the one who first banded the losers together back in kindergarten, but the Losers had learned to navigate without them. It still hurt just as badly as Beverly’s first unanswered letter had. The fact that the two of them stopped answering their letters and phone calls by the end of the first month of being gone only hurt more as the years went by.

With rumors circling Derry about Sonia Kaspbrak taking her son and moving to Albany, Richie tried not to think about his remaining friends ending up the same way.

Still, Eddie was waiting for him in the driveway with a huge smile on his face when Richie's shitty truck pulled up outside Mike's grandfather's barn. Richie felt his heart leap into his throat as he stepped out of the truck to see his boyfriend all dressed up. Sure, no one really knew they would be going to the prom as each other's dates, which was the same reason they'd skipped every homecoming dance and winter formal prior to their junior prom, but Eddie had insisted and Richie simply couldn't resist.

"Hey, Rich," Eddie greeted as he glanced around to make sure their friends were safely far away and out of view. Satisfied with their privacy, Eddie grabbed Richie by the front of his blazer and kissed him quickly. "You actually look really nice for once."

Richie scoffed and kissed Eddie's cheek.

"Man, for a second there I thought you might actually like this outfit," he teased, reaching out to ruffle Eddie's hair before the other swatted his hand away. "You know, considering you picked it out and told me exactly what to wear and how to do everything."

Eddie rolled his eyes, brushing non-existent lint off the shoulder's of Richie's blazer before fixing his collar.

The suits they both wore were nice. It had been somewhat difficult to pick out a pair of outfits that both looked somewhat similar, but also didn't make it horrifically obvious that they were intentionally dressing to compliment the other's outfit. Eddie's suit was black with a simple white button-up underneath, as it was the easiest to acquire without his mom getting too suspicious, with a powder blue bowtie and matching blue socks that peeked out at his ankles. Richie, on the other hand, wore a white suit - which Eddie said would be a horrible idea considering his general clumsiness and messy personality - but Eddie had to admit that he looked incredibly handsome. With a black shirt underneath his blazer, the two boys looked like opposites, which made him happier than he'd like to admit. They were always opposites, after all. That was just how they worked and he loved that

about them.

“I’m just trying not to get into anything we can’t finish right here, right now,” Eddie teased back, sliding his hands under Richie’s blazer and around his waist, gripping his hips tightly as he pulled himself closer. “But trust me when I say I could get very used to this.”

Richie beamed, kissing his boyfriend deeply.

“Oh, wait! I almost forgot,” Richie spoke up, breaking their kiss as he dashed back to his car, reaching into his glove box and reappearing with a boutonniere in his hand.

The small white rose was wrapped with a pale green ribbon and as soon as he saw it, Eddie’s face lit up.

“Rich…you didn’t have to do this, you know,” Eddie spoke softly, blush rising into his cheeks.

“I know, but I just couldn’t resist. Besides, it matches your eyes,” he smiled fondly as his bony fingers tried to pin the flower onto Eddie’s lapel. “And since we can’t *actually* go together like everybody else, the least I can do is get as close as possible.”

Eddie kissed him hard at those words, his hands finding their way into Richie’s hair.

“I have a surprise for you too, Trashmouth,” Eddie smiled, reaching up as he undid Richie’s Windsor knot.

“Shit man! That took me like thirty minutes to figure out just for you to untie it so we can get busy in Mike’s driveway-”

“Calm down, asshole, I’ll re-tie it for you,” Eddie spoke, the tip of his tongue sticking out between his lips as he concentrated.

“So we *are* gonna’ get it on in Mike’s driveway?”

Eddie shoved his chest lightly as he tucked Richie’s tie into his pocket and pulled out a bowtie, this one multi-colored and ridiculously patterned. It was white with blue stripes that matched Eddie’s tie, with yellow and green flowers across it that looked just like the kind

on his Hawaiian shirts that Eddie always claimed to hate.

“Eds, how did you-”

“I made it,” Eddie blushed. “My ma’ had this box of old things of my dad’s up in the attic. He used to collect all kinds of ties, but I’ve always preferred the bowties, so I just...changed it.”

Richie felt like he could melt into a puddle of happiness right there in the driveway as his heart felt so full he was sure it could burst at any moment.

As Eddie’s steady hands carefully tied the fabric into a perfect bow, Richie just watched his face; the setting sun making his furrowed brow glow golden.

“You’re a wonder, Spaghetti Man,” Richie smiled fondly, looping his arms around the smaller boy’s waist and spinning him around in his arms.

“Put me down, asshole!” Eddie screeched, laughing wildly as he gripped his boyfriend by the shoulders.

“Hey, assholes!”

The two boys practically jumped out of their skin as they looked towards the barn where their three friends were standing. Stan, having been the one who had yelled, wore an exasperated look on his face with his arms folded over his chest.

His hair was gelled slightly, but not too much as to smooth out his curls. He wore a dark green suit with a matching tie, the same color as his prom date’s dress. Mike, the only other Loser with a date as far as they all knew, was wearing a simple black suit like Eddie’s, but with a bright orange tie that complimented the floral pattern of his date’s dress as well. Their dates, two girls from the tennis team that they had met in their shared biology class, were nice enough. They were quiet and smart, much like the boys themselves, but Richie and Eddie just couldn’t see the appeal of going out with someone you barely knew just for the sake of a school dance.

The others had met them a few times and liked them both well

enough, but it had felt strange for all of them to bring new members into their group that weren't Bill and Beverly, even if only temporarily. But still, they were nice and didn't treat them like shit the way the rest of the school did, not to mention the fact that they didn't seem to care about Richie and Eddie's antics at all.

The two boys joined the rest of the group for pictures, albeit reluctantly, but they fell into formation against the rolling hills behind them nonetheless.

With Ben's new camera, the group took turns taking pictures for quite a while. The couples each took some with cheesy prom poses while the other three boys stood behind the camera and watched.

"Eds, come take one with me!" Richie suggested to the smaller boy who vehemently rejected it out loud, but smiled to his boyfriend when no one could see. He followed despite his protests as Mike and his date Amanda moved out of the way. "Please! I promise I'll be nice."

"I'll believe it when I see it, Trashmouth," He snorted, standing side by side, wanting to wrap his arms around Richie's shoulders and lean in close the way the girls had, but holding back for the sake of their shared secret. "Just shut up and don't make me regret agreeing to this."

Richie smiled mischievously up at Ben, who immediately sensed something was coming and prepared to take a picture after snapping one of the boys simply standing. Within no more than a few seconds, Richie grabbed Eddie by the waist and spun him around into a dip, the smaller boy screeching and grabbing onto the collar of Richie's blazer for stabilization. As they fell into the position, Ben quickly took the picture, assuming Eddie wouldn't dream of letting Richie hold him like that for much longer, but what he didn't know was that Eddie had never wanted to be out of the closet so badly in his life. He would've given anything to just kiss Richie in that moment, but instead, he put on a fake scowl and wormed his way out of Richie's arms.

"Eddie, stand with your hands on your stomach and face Mike," Stan instructed, winking at Richie when no one else could see. Eddie,

assuming Stan had his best interests in mind, obliged. He was right, in a way. Stan smirked.

“Richie, you know what to do,” Stan smirked, wrapping his arm around his date, Sarah’s waist.

Richie did, in fact, know what to do, and he did so with the brightest smile. His arms found their way around Eddie’s waist to intertwine with his hands, his chest pressed up against the other boy’s back as they posed cheesily, hoping that their friends thought their smiles were just them making a joke and not because being treated like all the other couples was the only thing they ever wanted.

Not long after they finished taking all kinds of silly pictures amongst the group, they split up again to carpool to the school with Eddie joining Richie in his truck to drive together. Driving together was always their favorite thing, not because Eddie particularly liked Richie’s incredibly messy pickup, but because they could hold hands over the gear shift and nobody would be the wiser. It was little things like that that made not being able to go to prom together for real that much more worth it. Just because nobody else could know, it didn’t mean they couldn’t still be happy together.

They made out for a few minutes once they pulled into the school parking lot, making sure they were parked right in between two empty cars. Still, they couldn’t stay out there forever without their friends getting suspicious.

Once they made it inside, the Derry High School gymnasium was about as upscale of a venue as they had expected. There were paper streamers around the room and multicolored balloons all over the floor. Both boys looked at each other nervously every time they noticed a red one. A local band of young adults that looked like they practiced in a church basement and dropped out of Derry Community College stood atop a makeshift stage playing songs from the past decade as all of their classmates stood around talking and dancing.

“There are the others,” Richie pointed out, standing on his toes to see over the crowd to where Mike, Stan, Ben, and the two dates were sitting on the bleachers with punch cups and handfuls of pretzels.

“Can we just go dance before too many people get here?” Eddie asked, grabbing Richie by the wrist as he headed towards their friends. Richie didn’t have to be asked twice.

“Why, of course, my darling,” Richie cheered, putting on his British Guy voice that made Eddie roll his eyes. “You know I’d never pass up a chance to go dancin’ with a lovely lady such as yourself.”

They found their way closer to the music, dancing awkwardly but happily alongside a bunch of kids they either hated or didn’t know. They didn’t touch each other mostly, opting to just bump each other’s shoulders occasionally and stay within a foot or so apart, but it was enough. The music was blaring in their ears and the heat from being surrounded by bodies was intense and definitely something Eddie would usually hate, but he had the widest smile on his face and that was all that mattered. Ben joined them not long after, followed soon by the two others and their dates, but the young couple couldn’t take their eyes off each other.

Towards the end of the night, once the sun had long-since set and most of their more popular classmates had left the dance for the various afterparties to drink and hook up with their dates, the first slow songs of the night began to join the rotation.

Mike and Stan were immediately off dancing with their dates, unsurprisingly, which normally would’ve left Richie and Eddie with Ben, but the latter had spent most of the night chatting with a girl from his creative writing club and the two were now amongst the other couples on the dance floor.

Richie and Eddie, now alone, sat on the bleachers watching the crowd of people on the dance floor, both wishing they could join in.

“I wish we could just have one night to do the same shit as everybody else without getting our asses kicked,” Eddie sighed, his chin in his hands and his elbows on his knees. “Like, if people could just ignore us for one night…just one night.” He trailed off as the gears in Richie’s brain started whirring. He practically jumped off the bleachers after a few seconds, the rubber soles of his Chucks hitting the floor with a loud slapping sound as he landed in front of Eddie. The smaller boy flinched at the sound, but couldn’t hold back a smile

as Richie held his bent arm out for Eddie to take. Eddie quickly glanced around for anyone watching them directly before hopping up and wrapping a hand around Richie's bicep and letting the taller boy drag him around to the wall beside the end of the bleachers.

He watched for a moment as Richie climbed around the barrier meant to keep people from climbing under the bleachers in the first place before following behind carefully. They ducked under support beams and long-lost sports equipment before reaching a place where they were virtually invisible from anyone in the building. Sure, if someone were to get down on their knees and peek through the gaps in the bleachers, they could see the two boys, but it was good enough for both of them to take that chance.

The music was just slightly muffled from under the bleachers, almost making it easier to listen to without the blaring speakers. Stray streamers and confetti from the decorations were dangling through the cracks between steps and the small amounts of light seeping in were just enough that they could see each other and the space around them.

"My darling Eddie Spaghetti," Richie spoke up, catching his boyfriend's attention as he bent down into a weird and uncomfortable-looking bow. "May I have this dance?"

Eddie rolled his eyes but smiled as he took Richie's hands and guided them to his waist, draping his own around the other's shoulders. They swayed slowly to whatever song the band was currently playing until it ended and slowly shifted to a soft keyboard and Richie's face let up with glee. Eddie quirked up an eyebrow.

"Eds this is the perfect song!" Richie spoke quietly but with as much excitement as he could muster. Eddie rolled his eyes fondly, sighing happily as Richie pulled him closer and their eyes locked. Eddie squinted suspiciously at the look on the other boy's face.

"Don't you dare start singing."

"Oh, you can bet your sweet ass I'm gonna' sing."

And he did.

“ I can't fight this feeling any longer, and yet I'm still afraid to let it flow. What started out as friendship has grown stronger, I only wish I had the strength to let it show,” Richie sang softly. Eddie felt his cheeks burn hot and he leaned in closer to rest his head on Richie’s chest to hide it . *“I tell myself that I can't hold out forever, I said there is no reason for my fear, 'cause I feel so secure when we're together. You give my life direction, you make everything so clear.”*

Eddie couldn’t help but tear up at the utter perfection of the moment they had found themselves in. He couldn’t imagine anywhere he’d rather be and, as far as proms go, he was sure there would be nothing that could top being there under the bleachers surrounded by dust and lost gym socks and his favorite person in the whole world.

“And even as I wander, I'm keeping you in sight. You're a candle in the window on a cold, dark winter's night, and I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might,” Richie pressed a kiss to the top of his head and Eddie felt like he could melt into the ground right then. He shuddered at the chill that ran down his spine and held on tighter. *“And I can't fight this feeling anymore. I've forgotten what I started fighting for. It's time to bring this ship into the shore and throw away the oars, forever. 'Cause I can't fight this feeling anymore. I've forgotten what I started fighting for, and if I have to crawl upon the floor, come crashing through your door. Baby, I can't fight this feeling anymore.”*

As soon as Eddie caught a break in the lyrics, he leaned back and pressed their lips together, his hands cupping the sides of Richie’s face and staying there even after they broke apart. Richie had just the dopiest lovesick look in his eyes.

“My life has been such a whirlwind since I saw you. I've been running round in circles in my mind and it always seems that I'm following you, boy.” Eddie laughed at Richie’s lyric change before switching they position back to a regular dancing position as they continued to sway and step around the small space. *“'Cause you take me to the places that alone I'd never find, and even as I wander, I'm keeping you sight. You're a candle in the window on a cold, dark winter's night, and I'm getting closer than I ever thought I might.”*

Eddie just decided he couldn’t help himself anymore and completely cut Richie off, kissing him hard and throwing his arms around the

taller boy's shoulders, the unexpected impact causing Richie to lean forward and sending Eddie into a pseudo-dip. The final chorus continued to play around them as their lips moved perfectly in sync, years of longing seeping into the exchange. The lyrics just felt so right and for the first time in the years they'd been together, it was as if they were just like everyone else. They felt the same things as the couples in the movies and they both knew they loved each other as much as any other pair. It wasn't wrong, it couldn't possibly be.

Not when it felt like that.

As the song came to an end, their lips parted slowly and their eyes opened to meet again, their foreheads pressed together as their lips remained millimeters apart. Almost as if on cue, Richie finished out the last lyric with a grin, *"Baby, I can't fight this feeling anymore,"* and Eddie felt his heart soar.

Author's Note:

> thanks for reading!! if you liked this, i'd highly suggest checking out the other fic in this series! it's a 30K rewrite of all of ch2 if richie and eddie had been married the entire time and the events of this fic get referenced a bit towards the end so i thought i'd write the story leading up to the part that's mentioned;)
>
> please leave kudos/comments if you liked it! i'm always open to requests so if there's anything else you want me to write or if there are more referenced scenes from my other fic that you want me to write, please feel free to let me know!!